A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS—SPEAKEASY—WILD ORCHIDS
THE ETERNAL WOMAN
DOUBLING IN LEGS—FUN FROM THE FLICKERS

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 819 April 2, 1929

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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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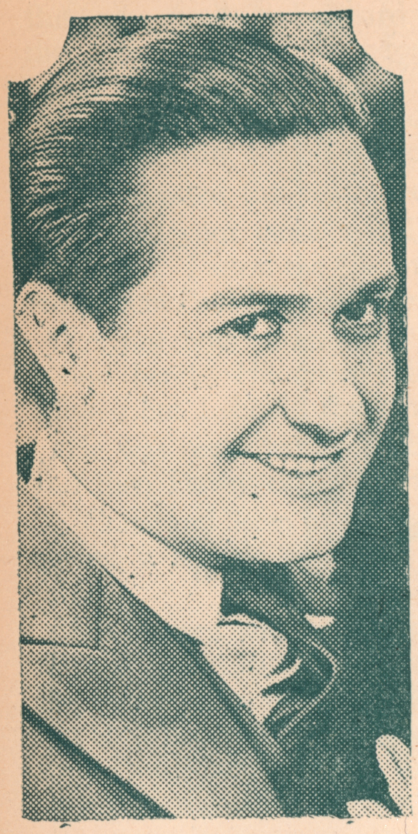


Just a big-hearted laughing boy lurked behind Paul Martin's cold exterior, a friendliness that he was learning to hide from the world at large.

Under the soaring towers of the great city there are dark and secret places where law-breakers and others of easy virtue gather. Yet young love and faith, heroism and even martyrdom may sometimes be found in a

Speakeasy

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

Alice had a smile of blue skies and sunshine and few could resist its charm.

LOUD sounds issued from the City Editor's office. The Chief was evidently in a towering fury with the two hapless reporters who were closeted with him. Davey, the cub, turned a lazy, amused eye toward Alice Woods, the special-article writer, as they listened.

"The Old Man wanted a story on Paul Martin —middleweight champ, you know—an' he refused to talk. So they came back empty. Result—fire an' brimstone!"

The light of resolution sprang into Alice's eyes. When the door had closed behind her Chief's victims, she knocked and entered.

"I have an idea. Won't you let *me* get that story? I've followed Paul Martin's career since he started. I've liked the personality he shows in everything."

"Not a woman's job," the Old Man growled.

"Two men have tried it and failed. Why not let a woman have a chance? This has a woman's angle, too," she said, and, in a few vivid phrases, outlined her idea, smiling.

That smile of hers, as utterly irresistible as sunny blue skies, brought its result.

"Well," the Chief grunted, "you can try. But I want that story for the morning edition. If he loses the fight tonight—and I've heard it's likely that he will—any story will be cold after tomorrow, and, if he wins, we want to be in ahead of the other papers. Go along, then—go along. He hangs out at a speakeasy in the Fifties. Here's the address."

"A—speakeasy!"

"Yep. Davey knows it. He'll go with you. Here's a tip: They say that Cannon Delmont, Martin's manager, isn't any too straight. Keep your eyes open on that angle, too."

"All in the line of duty!" the cub reporter murmured happily as they staretd. "To go to a speakeasy—expenses paid—thirty bucks—oh, Baby!"

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the play by Edward Knoblock and George Rosener. Benjamin Stoloff directed, with Paul Page appearing as Martin, Lola Lane as Alice Woods, Henry B. Walthall as Fuzzy, Helen Ware as Min, Warren Hymer as Cannon Delmont, Stuart Erwin as Cy Williams, Sharon Lynn as Mazie, Erville Anderson as the City Editor, James Guilfoyle as Davey and Ivan Linow, Joseph Cawthorne, Helen Lynch, Marjorie Beebe and Sailor Vincent as Speakeasy Hangers-on.

"Don't be a sulky little boy, Paul Martin! Be the man and the champion that is really you! I'm going to print that story!"

THEY entered a small cigar store and Davey went straight to a telephone booth and stepped inside, pulling the surprised Alice with him.

"Now, watch!" he said. "I lift the receiver and—"

A tiny panel in the face of the telephone instrument slid back and a cautious eye peered out. Davey whispered the pass-word. Then the back of the booth opened like a door and Alice found herself in a garish room cluttered with little tables. Several couples were seated, eating and drinking, a pretty girl was singing the latest jazz hit of the week, accompanied on a grand piano by an old man with a shock of gray hair and delicate fingers. Through a half-open door Alice caught a glimpse of another room, furnished like a regular bar, where men clustered eagerly about a radio. They were listening to the beginning of the big fight between Paul Martin and Tough Donovan, the challenger.

Davey was quite at home.

"Lo, Min!" he said to the hard-faced blonde hostess. "Tell the boy to bring some ginger ale for the girl friend and a baccardi for little brother. We're chasing Martin—or *she* is—for a *Chronicle* story. Is he likely to be here later?"

"Guess so. He's usually around after a fight, though between you and me this ain't no place for him. Delmont brings him—good attraction for the place—" She broke off, crossing the room to the old pianist who, having finished playing jazz for the pretty little entertainer, was rolling out great melodious chords of music.

"Fuzzy, can that funeral march for the love of Mike! I've told you folks won't stand for that oprey stuff, besides, they won't be able to hear the radio. If you don't quit, I'll tear this stuff all up!"

She laid a heavily ringed hand on a pile of music in manuscript and the old man gave a piteous cry. The sheets of manuscript spilled in a heap.

"No—no, Min! I won't play it any more! Don't tear my music!"

"All right," she said in a not unkindly voice. "Pick 'em up. Only, for heaven's sake, keep 'em quiet."

ALICE Woods picked up a piece of music that had fallen at her feet and returned it to the trembling old hands. At her smile, Fuzzy's timid eyes brightened.

"It's my opera," he explained. "I wrote it—and some day—some day—the world will know.

But you mustn't be hard on Min, in your thoughts, you know. She found me starving and gave me this job, so, you see, I don't really mind playing jazz for her—not really. She has a good heart, has Min, for all she looks hard."

Alice patted the bent shoulders.

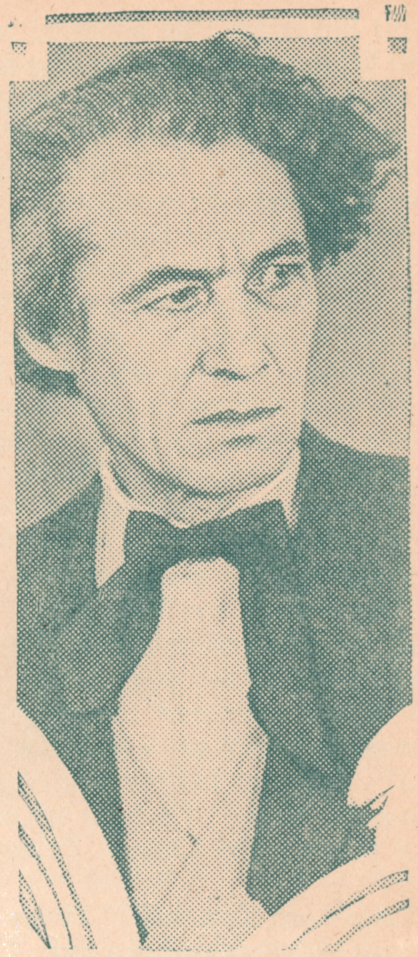
"I liked your music and I'd like to hear more some day. I'm on the *Chronicle*—trying to get a story from Paul Martin. Do you know him?"

"A fine boy—a fine boy! Too bad he hangs round here! He doesn't like the newspapers, Miss— but I should think he'd talk for *you*."

He was rewarded by another of Alice's smiles and then Davey called her from the bar.

"Come and listen in—seventh round. Martin's getting a terrible pounding. I guess this is his finish."

She listened with a surge of pity as the descriptions of brutal battering blows came over the air, the shouts of a blood-maddened crowd and the last slow count that took the championship away from Paul Martin. More than ever it was necessary that she could get the story.



Old Fuzzy, the broken musician with the soaring heard and bent shoulders, played jazz and dreamed of opera.

HALF an hour later he came in with a group of men. Foremost among them was the flashy Cannon Delmont, a man to whom Alice Woods took an immediate dislike. He reminded her of a wolf, lithe and cruel and crafty, but with an out-

Cannon siezed the old man and shook him. "You stay out of my way, you rat!" he snarled. Alice caught his arm. "Don't hurt him!" she commanded.

ward breeziness that appeared to disarm others. The fighter himself was bearing defeat well. Alice liked the brave eyes in the bruised face and the proud lift of his head. She started forward.

"Mr. Martin, I'm Alice Woods from the *Chronicle* and I do so want—"

He turned away from her, polite but certain.

"Your people have been after me all day. I can tell you only what I told them—I'm not interested in newspapers or write-ups or publicity or fighting. I'm through. And I'm not talking."

He went through into one of the private dining-rooms and shut the door. Alice felt her blue eyes suddenly smarting. Davey touched her arm.

"Come on. I told you it wasn't any good. You can't get a thing out of that high-brow clam."

Another voice made her turn.

"Say—that's too bad, girlie! But don't you care, we'll fix something up. Paul won't see you tonight, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll get him up in my apartment tomorrow and you come around and we'll get a little talk and everything, huh? A pretty kid like you ought to get everything she wants. I'll fix it up for you if you're nice to me. I'm Cannon Delmont, Paul's manager."

"Aw—can that stuff!" Davey flashed. "Miss Woods isn't that kind of a girl. Come on, Alice."

But Alice had slipped away, opened the door of the room where Paul Martin had gone and was listening with pity in her eyes as she heard him speaking to the pretty girl who had been singing.

"I understand, Mazie—you're like all the rest—got another date for every evening as soon as a fellow's down. I certainly have found out that the only way to keep your friends is to be a success."

Mazie made a little face and left the room. As Alice entered, the beaten fighter was alone and his broad shoulders drooped. There was a glass of whisky on the table before him.

"Mr. Martin—I—"

"Good night! You again! I told you I'm not interested! I hate the papers!"

"Why?" she asked.

"Because they're always down on me, razzing me—I can stand a lot but not the razzing of five million people. *I won't talk.*"

She slipped into the chair beside him—and smiled that smile of hers.

"Tell me all about it. I don't think you have so much cause to hate the papers—they've always been pretty fair."

"I tell you they haven't! All right—then I *will* tell you. You know what I've been—starting as a poor kid in the country, working my way up for just one reason—I wanted to give my folks the sort of things they ought to have—the dearest folks a fellow ever had. I worked my way through college. The athletic coach saw I could box, so I finally took it up professionally and made good. And, just because I did go through college and don't bum around between fights like a lot of the pros, the papers jeer me and razz me and are tickled to death when I get licked and call me high-brow. Gosh—it isn't fair! Well—this was my last fight and I'm glad of it. I'm through."

"You wouldn't quit—a loser!" she said.

"I would, too! I have! I'm through!" He rose abruptly to his feet and picked up the glass. Suddenly Alice began to laugh. The fighter stared at her with annoyance.

"You look so—so *silly* with that drink!" she chuckled. "It doesn't go with you. You're just an over-sensitive, sulky little boy—and I'm telling you the truth. Why, if you quit now, they'll say you're yellow, and it'll be the truth! I won't have it, I say! I've followed your career since you started—I've liked you! You've been my idea of what a fighter ought to be, and now—you quit! Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to write a story saying that you're coming back and that you are challenging Donovan for a return fight! See!"

"If you do," he said angrily, "I'll deny it and say you cooked the whole story up."

"Then—I'll lose my job," she said softly. "And I—too—know what it is to be poor and to work one's way along."

There was silence for a moment.

"You're not to print anything of the kind," he protested, but more feebly. She smiled at him.

"I'm going to! Good night, Mr. Martin!"

Her smile brought a faint response to his lips as she left the room, then he tried to scowl and found it difficult.

"What's a fellow going to do with a girl like that?" he thought. His eye fell on the glass of whisky and he grinned, leaving it untouched.

THE City Editor was so pleased with her story that Alice felt the risk was worth while—until she received a telephone call from the fighter.

"I told you not to print anything of the kind!"

And, there in the glare of the ring, Paul caught Alice in his arms and held her triumphant before all the world.

he said. "I'm very much annoyed and I've a good mind to come round and see the Editor about it—maybe I will, too, later. I don't care if you do lose your job—you had no right to publish my statement that I'd fight Donovan again."

He hung up with a bang and Alice widened her blue eyes with worry. There was only one thing to do. She must see Martin again and try to persuade him not to deny anything. She called up his apartment. He was out. Then—she would try "Big Min's".

Fuzzy was playing the piano softly to an empty room when she arrived and asked if Martin was there. He gestured toward a closed door.

"Yes, he's there but so is Delmont and three others. They're talking about a race tomorrow; they want him to bet. I think there's something crooked about it, Miss. It makes me very sad to see how that bully is using the boy. They were talking about the fight—before he came. I am sure Delmont arranged that he should be beaten. He is crooked—crooked. Be careful. You are so gentle and so kind—I did not like the way that man looked at you last night. You will be careful?"

"Of course, I will, Fuzzy. You're kind, too. Thank you."

Just then the door opened and Delmont came out.

"Why, if it isn't Little Sunshine from the *Chronicle!*" he said. "Girlie, I've been thinking of you all night. Say—you and I ought to get together more. How about coming down to the races with me tomorrow—huh? Maybe I can put you onto a sure thing."

She widened innocent eyes.

"You mean—bet on a horse? Ooh—I wouldn't dare—unless I was sure it would win."

He laughed and patted her hand.

"A girl after my own heart! You come on down and we'll find just that kind of horse!" he promised, putting an arm round her shoulders. As she drew away, his grip tightened and his lips came near. Suddenly old Fuzzy pitted his frail strength against the big man.

Don't you touch her!" he quavered. "Leave her alone!"

Delmont swung round on him, shaking him. "Get out of the way, you little rat or I'll—"

(Continued on page 28)

Just when Murnau was despairing of ever procuring an actress with the necessary attributes for his ideal of Marguerite, he saw Camilla Horn and the next day signed her for the leading rôle in "Faust".

Doubling in Legs

led to Camilla Horn's discovery by Murnau and a future on the screen

By MARCELLA S. GARDNER

A BITTER cold day in November! The "Tempest" company on location in a spot in the hills, twenty miles from Hollywood! Waterstuff, scheduled to be shot but held up until the sky should clear and the sun shine!

Noon! A long picnic table in a clearing! The upper end, reserved for the star, leading lady, director, assistant and other white-collar members of the troupe, boasts of a tablecloth and regulation table ware. A waiter stands at attention to serve.

The lower end of the table is bare. This is where "props", "juicers", "second-cameras", truck drivers and lesser lights will eat. No waiter! They have to stand in line, cafeteria-fashion, pick up their paper plates and cutlery and get their own grub at the long steam table.

Wedged in between a grimy "juicer" and a burly truck driver, a slip of a golden-haired girl is waiting in line. She is wrapped in a long sable coat. A third assistant bustles up to her.

"But—Miss Horn!" he protests in horrified consternation. "You don't have to wait on yourself—there's a place for you at the head of the table!"

"O. K., dar-leenk!" Camilla flashes him a dazzling smile, and with that she has exhausted her English vocabulary. Turning to her interpreter,

she asks her to relay to the third assistant. "Tell him, please," she says with emphasis, "that I know all about it. These men are all laborers—and so am I. The only difference between us is the size of our respective salary checks!"

And Camilla Horn takes her seat among the men at the bare, lower end of the table. All try to talk to her at once. She does not quite understand what they are trying to tell her. She answers them with her large, gray eyes. The men worship her.

NO, life has not always dealt too gently with Camilla Horn; in fact, up until three years ago, sledding was pretty hard for the gentle-voiced girl with the sunny disposition. First, there was the tragedy of the War. Then followed the years of heartbreak after the Armistice.

The Horn family in Frankfurt, A. M., belonged to the better middle-class. The father was a railroad official. Their means were modest.

During the War, food supplies could not be procured in Germany for love or money. However, farm laborers were assured of a couple of scant meals per day.

Camilla was then scarcely more than a child. Rather than permit her to die of starvation, her parents sent her to a farm. Farmers had always despised city folk with their soft, white hands. And now it was the farmer who had the upper hand.

Potato season, and Camilla performed the tasks of a laborer! She carried heavy sackful of them on her back. The friction of the load produced wounds on her body—and she collapsed.

The farmer's wife had many children. Camilla was assigned the task of nurse-maid to a brood of disagreeable, ill-bred, dirty little peasants, who took advantage of her humble position. She tried to correct their manners. Since kindness availed her nothing with one obstreperous youngster, she resorted to the method her own mother employed in extreme cases and smacked him where it did the most good. The child "told" on her. And the outraged farm-wife ousted Camilla Horn, bag and baggage.

AFTER peace was declared, Camilla's older brother decided to go to Berlin to complete his studies. Camilla went along with him. Since the Horn fortunes were at an extremely low ebb, it was up to her to help him make his way through school.

Life has not always dealt gently with Camilla Horn; in fact, up until three years ago, sledding was pretty hard for the gentle-voiced girl with the sunny disposition.

The ladies of Berlin had just gone pajama mad. Camilla wielded a nimble needle. Her pajamas were the latest word in *chic*. Orders began to pile up, so that she had to employ twelve girls to turn them out. At the same time she kept house for herself and her brother. She made her daily round for orders, shopped for materials and trimmings, cut and designed the garments, assigned the work to her employees and, in her spare moments, took lessons in plastic dancing from Laban. Little did she dream at that time what an important stepping-stone her knowledge of dancing would eventually prove to be in her career!

(*Continued on page 27*)

Every time the newspapers mentioned Diana's name, they preceded it by the adjective "notorious", everywhere she went they pointed her out as

A Woman of Affairs

Yet to only one man in the world did she ever say, "I love you."

By VAL LEWTON

DAVID Furness was one of those splendid pre-war products of Oxford, combining all the graces in his person, all the arts in his mind. Athletic and yet talented, sensitive but sensible, at the same time merry and profound, he was a god-like figure to young Geoffrey Merrick, who already, in his fondness for the bottle, showed promise of the Merrick talent for making life miserable for themselves and all those who came in contact with them. Only Geoffrey's admiration for David kept him from degenerating into a sot.

David, although he had no regard for Geoffrey, himself, tolerated the younger boy's admiration and dog-like devotion because he found Diana Merrick, Geoffrey's older sister, lovely and admirable.

JUST before the War, David stroked the Oxford crew to victory over Cambridge. On that great day the Thames was alive with pleasure crafts and its banks crowded with spectators. Geoffrey Merrick, standing beside Sir Montague Holderness aboard the house-boat of Dr. Hugh Trevelyan, was too intent upon David's rowing to be aware of the ancient enmity between his family and the Holdernesses. Sir Montague, however, his face as stern as the ancestral portraits about his hall, had not forgotten it. Suddenly he turned to his host.

"Where is Neville?" he asked, looking about for the tall figure of his son.

Hugh, suavely anxious to avoid a scene, pretended to be engrossed in the race, but Geoffrey had heard the question and, turning mockingly toward Sir Montague, said:

"Don't trouble to look for your son. Diana's run off with him somewhere."

Sir Montague knit his brows, but Geoffrey, volatile as the rest of his clan, had already forgotten his remark and had again fastened his attention upon the race, cheering madly for David Furness. Hugh silently turned from the rail and, walking to a window of the cabin, pulled the blind down quietly.

IN the cabin an even tenser air prevailed than at the race course. Diana Merrick, her slim legs dangling from the arm of the couch, was speaking earnestly:

"Can't you see what it means, Neville? It's Sir Montague's trick—shipping you off to Russia like this. He wants to separate us."

Neville's handsome black eyes were troubled. They had been over this so many times before, couldn't she understand?

"Diana, dear," he said softly, taking her hand in his, "can't you realize that it's a great honor—attaché to our Russian ambassador? You do want me to have a career, don't you?"

"No," she answered firmly but speaking slowly as if anxious to weigh the truth of her words before giving utterance to them, "not if it means our separation." Neville smiled and opened his mouth to make some further point in his argument for delay, but Diana interupted him, speaking passionately, fiercely, "Neville, I have a body that burns for love—I cannot wait—I love you too much."

Her soft lips, half parted in a seductive invitation, the passionate line of her throat, bending toward him, the allure of her young body, all this combined with the fierce desire in her words was too much for Neville. He swept her into his arms and they kissed ardently. Diana had won.

WHEN David Furness, still glowing from his victory, came running to the house-boat with Geoffrey in attendance to claim some word of admiration from Diana, she and Neville had al-

"Meet me here tomorrow night. I will have the license. Nothing can stop us then."

ready left. Far away, David could hear the shriek of a siren and knew it for the horn on Diana's Hispano Suiza, racing madly toward London.

HOW can a gallant lady, burning for love, exhilirated with the spirit of youth and speed, remember trivial things? If it had not been for a trivial matter, a mere license to wed, Diana and Neville would have been married that night. But, as it was, they went from one minister to another —none of them would perform the ceremony without first seeing the license. Late that night Diana drove Neville through the park which surrounded the manorial seat of the Holderness family. A light in Sir Montague's window warned them that the stern old man was still awake, and Diana pulled her car to a stop beside a huge oak tree which stood near the drive. Getting out of the car and resting her smooth palm against the rough bark of the oak, she said:

"It's our tree, Neville." Neville looked at the tree coldly and then looked back again at Diana. He did not get her meaning. "You've never understood what this tree means to me," Diana explained. "It was here that you first kissed me. Don't you remember when you and Geoffrey and I were racing on our bicycles—ages and ages ago—and I was so anxious to have you win that I didn't watch where I was going and bumped my head against the tree—don't you remember—and you kissed me?" Neville kissed her again. Diana asked anxiously, "You won't let your father come between us again, Neville?"

Neville smiled assuredly.

"Meet me here tomorrow night," he said. "I will have the license. Nothing can stop us then."

THAT night the portraits of the Holderness forbears looked down upon one of their scions being shown the narrow and righteous path of honor which they had trodden when they were alive. All night long Sir Montague talked to his son, and in the morning, Neville did what a Holderness should do—he left for Russia.

THAT night Sir Montague and not Neville met Diana at the oak tree. When he had finished explaining the situation to her, the girl extended her hand to him and said, tears welling up in her eyes:

"You win, Sir Montague."

"There—there!" Sir Montague was touched. He repented his dictum, "The Holderness and the Merrick bloods can never mix," which he had used in speaking to Diana. "It's just a boy and girl affair—you'll both forget it. In time you'll meet some other man."

Diana looked at him steadily.

"There may be many other men, but I will

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by Michael Arlen. Bess Meredyth wrote the scenario and Clarence Brown directed, with Greta Garbo appearing as Diana, John Gilbert as Neville, Lewis Stone as Hugh, John Mack Brown as David, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Geoffrey, Hobart Bosworth as Sir Montague and Dorothy Sebastian as Constance.

never say to another man, 'I love you,' for it will not be true—it will always be Neville."

SO it was that a gallant lady was separated from love. But does it become a lady of fashion to mope and pine for a lost love like a bar maid for a carter who has driven away. And David Furness, radiant in his youth, sterling in his character, was always waiting for her answer to his perpetual plea of love, and Hugh Trevelyan, her very good friend, was always ready to steady and comfort her in her troubles. But Geoffrey was angry, for Neville's desertion of his sister had put his idol, David, in danger. It was possible that some day Diana might marry him, and the brother did not wish to see David's life made bitter by marriage with one of the mad Merricks.

TWO years passed slowly, and then Diana, wishing only for some change in her life, married David, more from pity and boredom than from love. They went to Deauville for their honeymoon and put up at the Hotel de Croix. David had the usual bridegroom's difficulties with the register and with the waiter who persisted in addressing Diana as "Mademoiselle", but all went well until dinner time. Then, just as they were sitting down to the table, David pulled a small box from his pocket and, drawing a bracelet from it, slipped it over Diana's arm.

The bride looked at it with amazement. It was a valuable piece. The diamonds and sapphires winking at her spoke of wealth, and yet David had told her that he was a poor man.

"If you were a wild Merrick and not an irreproachable Furness, I might suspect you," she said mockingly.

Then the absurdity of the idea made her laugh, and she kissed him in gratitude, not noticing how rigid he had become at the word "suspect".

That night, seated on the edge of Diana's bed, David complained:

"Never once have you said you love me, Diana."

The girl was thoughtful for a moment and then she answered:

"You are .the finest, cleanest man I know, David."

At that moment a knock sounded and David opened the door of the other room of the suite to admit two grim-faced men, one of whom held an open pair of handcuffs.

"Give me a chance," the boy pleaded. "I'll make it all good. I've just been married—I can't stand the disgrace."

One of the men answered stolidly, extending the handcuffs:

"Only this afternoon we discovered your identity, Furness. Our client, whose name you forged for ten thousand pounds—"

David turned. Diana, her thin negligée outlining the allure of her figure, stood in the doorway.

"The cleanest man I know," he murmured to himself, and, eluding the outstretched hands of the detectives, flung wide the window and threw himself out. He crashed through a skylight fourteen stories below. Diana and the detectives looked down, horror-stricken.

IT was Hugh Trevelyan's name that David had forged and he was first to come to Diana after the accident. She paid David's debt to him, and then begged him, as her friend, never to tell anyone of the reason for David's suicide. At all costs, she intended to preserve Geoffrey's illusion that David was a god upon the earth.

At the inquest into David's death, Sir Montague and Neville and Geoffrey waited with impatience to learn the reason for David's suicide. Geoffrey, his voice harsh with emotion, said:

"David Furness was my best and only friend —I'm going to find out the truth about this mess."

Diana entered the room as her brother's voice died away in the hushed atmosphere, and Neville impulsively crossed to her side. The Chief of Deauville's police said gently to Diana:

"From the witnesses's statements, I am convinced that this was an accident. Dr. Trevelyn's theory seems the most plausible—possibly a drop too much champagne on his wedding night, an attack of dizziness—one understands these matters—"

Geoffrey interrupted him hoarsely:

"That's a lie! David never drank! Diana put the Doctor up to saying that! It's a rotten lie!"

Diana's calm, sad voice cut into Geoffrey's tirade:

"Yes, it's a lie, Geoffrey. David was not drunk."

"Mrs. Furness, if it was not an accident," the police official said, "then I am to understand that it was a deliberate act on his part?"

"David wanted to die."

"But why?" The official voice was stern now. "What possible motive could there be on his wedding night? Answer quickly, Mrs. Furness."

A knock sounded at the door and David's eyes opened wide with fear.

Geoffrey's wild, bloodshot eyes were on Diana as she answered:

"David killed himself for—decency."

A silence fell upon the room. Every eye turned to Diana, repugnance clearly written in them all. Hugh hurried forward.

"Diana," he said, "I won't have—"

Diana silenced him with a movement of her hand—and she knew that he would keep faith with her.

Suddenly Geoffrey's voice, loud, victorious, strident, startled them all.

"Bravo, David, bravo!" he called out, as if cheering his hero on the athletic field.

Diana leaned weakly against a chair. People began to file from the room. Soon she was alone with her friends. Geoffrey started out. She extended her hand to him.

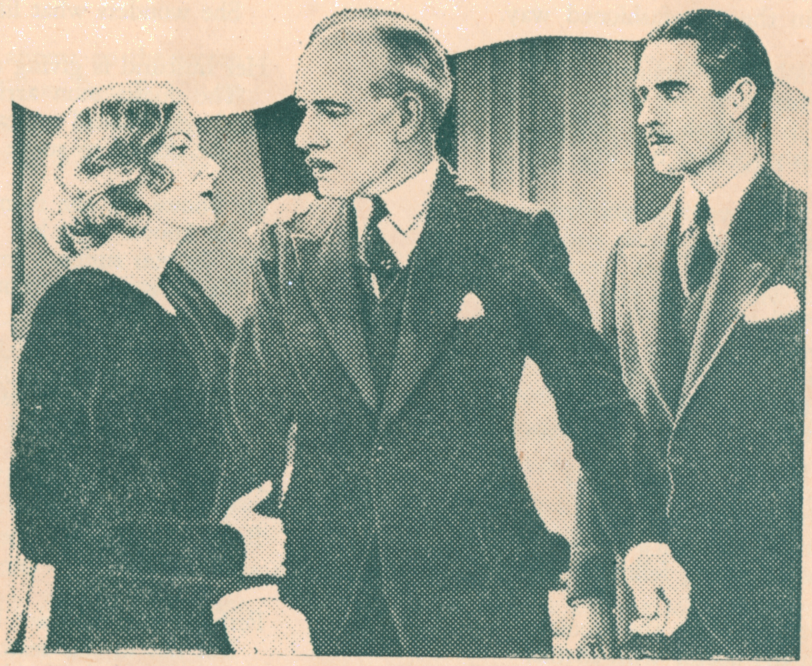
"Don't touch me!" he cried. "Your hands are covered with blood. I can hear you spewing out your rotten confession to David. It was too big and too dirty for him to fight! Nor will Neville ever forgive you for having been with other men before you married David."

Neville stood by, stunned and sick, horrified by what he had heard. Hugh began to push the boy gently from the room. In the doorway, Geoffrey turned and, pointing to his sister, shouted:

"You——"

Diana turned weakly to Hugh.

(*Continued on page* 31)

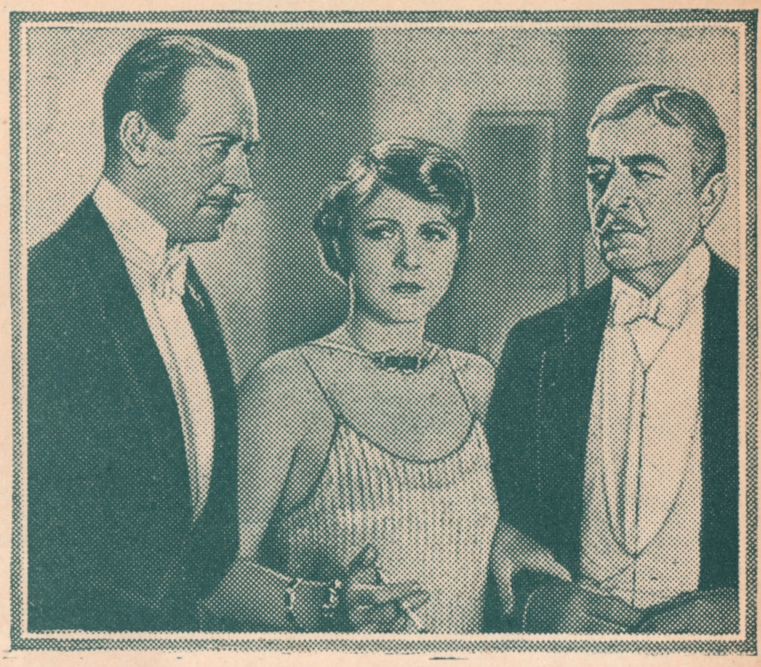


"Diana," Hugh exclaimed, "I won't have——" But the girl silenced him with a clasp of her hand—and she knew that he would keep faith with her.

Gotham

By LOUIS

Ruth Chatterton came from the stage just to play
In a picture that's made in the Paramount way.



The husband, the wife and the doctor who knows
A tale that would bring the play right to its close.

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET"

(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre)

An excellent story by Barrie
Now comes as a cinema play—
A movie where talking is featured,
Produced in the new-fashioned way.

The story is told of a woman—
A very unhappy young wife;
Her husband is churlish and selfish,
Unconsciously spoiling her life.

She falls deep in love with another,
And, burning with passion and hope,
She flies to the arms of her lover,
Determined with him to elope.

And, while he is seeking a taxi
To carry them off to their train,
He meets with an accident fatal,
And all of their plans are in vain.

The lover, who's mortally injured,
Is carried back home to his bed.
A doctor arrives—but all's over—
The handsome young fellow is dead!

And then, panic-striken, the woman
Confides in the doctor with shame.
"Return to your home," says the doctor;
"Go back, for the sake of your name!"

A half hour later the woman
Is back with her husband once more;
With heart that is heavy with anguish,
She wonders what life has in store.

Her husband is giving a dinner;
The guests soon arrive on the scene,
And who should appear but the doctor—
The doctor so suave and serene.

He knows her the moment he sees her,
He knows what her feelings must be;
But do you suppose for a minute
He shows that he knows her? Not he!

And so, as the doctor escorts her,
She tries to appear light and gay;
She laughs as she goes into dinner—
And that is the end of the play!

A tense little drama, I'd call it,
Worked out on an excellent plan;
Ruth Chatterton's fine as the Woman,
And Warner is fine as the Man.

Perhaps you may see better movies,
But not in this season, I'll say;
For this must be marked as a classic—
A wonderful cinema play!

Gleanings

WESLYN.

Bill Powell's the hero—Louise, when she vamps,
Turns on the full force of the famous Brooks lamps.

Jean Arthur's the girl that Jim Hall really loves;
We see them here cooing like two turtle doves.

"THE CANARY MURDER CASE"

(A Paramount Picture, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre)

Few better actors appear on the screen
Than suave William Powell, I'll say;
It doesn't much matter in what he is seen,
He's good in most any old play.

He comes to the front in this mystery tale,
The laurels proceeding to cop,
Without him I fear that the movie would fail—
He saves the whole thing from a flop.

I don't mean to tell you the movie is bad,
It isn't—the yarn's really fine,
In fact, murder tales have become quite a fad,
When written by Arthur Van Dine.

As movie and "talkie", it seemeth to me,
This opus is lacking, somehow,
Direction, perhaps, isn't all it should be;
It *should* be a wonderful wow."

As shrewd Philo Vance, William Powell is great;
No smarter detective you'll find,
His methods are clever and quite up-to-date—
The true psychological kind.

The star is so good that you'll get a big kick
From some of the scenes in the play;
And maybe for you the whole movie will "click"—
Go see for yourself, anyway.

I don't mean to give you a thorough review,
'Twould spoil all your pleasure, you see;
For mystery tales should be kept *entre nous;*
Don't ask the solution from me.

"How is my little Consuelo this morning?" the man asked, putting his arms round her, but she drew away.

The thought of vengeance pulsed with her beating heart, night and day. Yet, beneath that flame of anger and hatred, she was just

The Eternal Woman

longing for love. And then she found one day that love and vengeance were fighting in her heart.

Ovaldo's daughter, Anita, with her black curls and flashing eyes was called "The Wildcat" by many of the men about the Mountain Inn.

By ROSEMARY LEE

"THERE goes the daughter of Ovaldo, the philosopher. She is home after her long visit to her aunt in Lima, then," one brown peon said to his brother as Anita's donkey cart lumbered past, and the other murmured:

"So? And what will Anita say when she reaches the Mountain Inn and hears what the American señorhas been saying to her sister Consuelo in the warm, moonlit nights? Has not the old man, their father, understood?"

"He? He is busy with his books and his thoughts. It is strange that all the learning he has given his daughters and teaching them to speak American should end in trouble. Little Consuelo is soft and gentle."

"Not so her sister!" the other exclaimed. "Did you see the toss of her dark curls and the merry flash in her eye as she passed. She is a wildcat, that one. No American señor could get the better of *her!*"

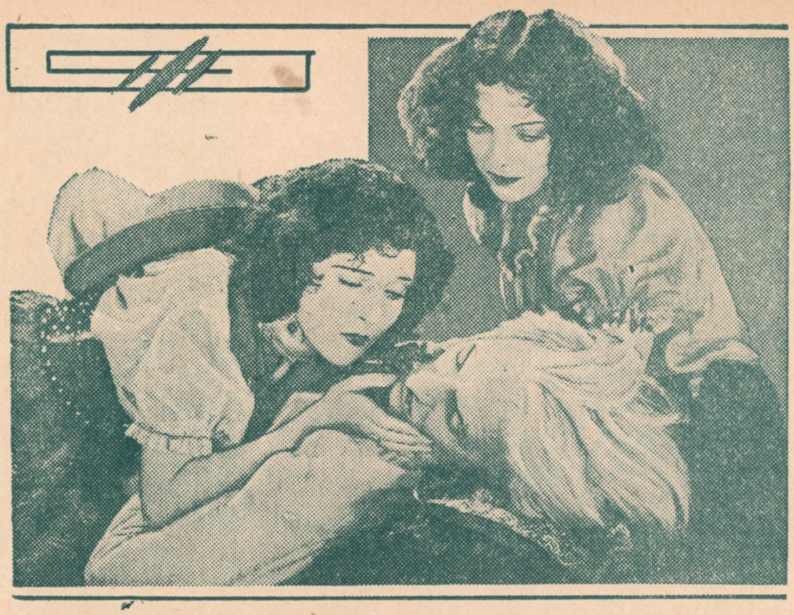
UNAWARE of their comment, Anita urged her small burro onward up the mountain road. She was eager to get home. She would make Consuelo laugh with the story of how Juju, the burro, had lain down in the road and how mad the chauffeur of the big car had been and how the American lady with the cold blue eyes had wrung her white hands and said she was in a hurry. Oh, it had been funny because the great foreign car had been made to push against the back of the rickety cart and fairly lifted that naughty Juju to her feet. And all the way up the hill they had gone like that. It was so undignified for the American lady to have to push a burro cart with her car! How she had turned up her pointed nose when they had reached a wide part of the road and the car could sweep by! Anita laughed, a ringing peal, and drove on, singing. Far ahead, over the next ridge, she saw the last puff of dust left by the big car. It would be passing the Mountain Inn by now, she thought, while she had nearly an hour's drive before Juju's stubborn little feet drew her home.

BUT the big car had not passed the Mountain Inn. It had stopped and in a moment the pretty, shallow blue eyes of the American woman were taking in the picturesque place, the scholarly face of Ovaldo, the philosopher, and the vivid loveliness of seventeen-year-old Consuelo. She did not see the other face—the one she was looking for. Her voice came, soft and hurried:

"Isn't Mr.—er—Martin here? Out riding? Oh, I see! Well, I'm his—his wife. May I go up to his rooms?"

"But certainly, Señora—this way." Bowing courteously, the old man led the newcomer up-

This is an adaptation of the Columbia screen presentation of the story, "The Wildcat". Wallyn Totman wrote the scenario and John P. McCarthy directed, with Olive Borden appearing as Anita, Ralph Graves as Hartley Forbes, Ruth Clifford as Doris Forbes, John Miljan as Gil Martin, Nena Quartero as Consuelo, Josef Swickard as Ovaldo and Julia Swayne Gordon as Mrs. Forbes.



There, kneeling beside the body of her slain father, Anita felt her passionate sorrow give place to one thought—revenge!

stairs. Neither he nor the visitor saw the sudden, stricken look that had come to the face of Consuelo.

Five or six minutes later Gil Martin came in. At the sound of his horse's hoofbeats, the girl had shuddered but now she stood very still, the long curling lashes lowered against the ivory of her cheek. The man put his long arms round her with easy nonchalance.

"How is my little Consuelo this morning? Love me as much as ever?"

There was accusation in the burning dark eyes she lifted, accusation in the slow, choked words she spoke:

"There is a lady—upstairs. She says she is—your—wife."

Gil Martin uttered a smothered oath and strode up the stairway. Consuelo watched him and then sank down by the table, her black curls hiding her face—sobbing—sobbing.

Her father found her so. With an arm about the slim, shaken shoulders, he questioned:

"Little one, you are troubled. Will you not tell your old father?"

But, when she had told him, he drew himself erect and there was a grim and terrible look on his scholarly face. He kissed Consuelo very tenderly on the brow and then went swiftly upstairs.

MEANWHILE, in Gil Martin's room, hurried preparations for departure were being made. When he had entered, the blonde woman had run to him, arms outstretched.

"Gil, I couldn't bear being away from you any longer, so I came. Aren't you glad to see me?"

His eyes were harsh with his own fear.

"You are mad, Doris! What of Hartley? Gone on a trip up the coast, you say? But he might find out from anyone that I am here and he's my best friend—he might arrive and ask for me! Do you want the whole world to know of your affair with your husband's friend? Besides—"

"Well, I wanted to see you."

"That's all very well, but we can't stay here. I'll take you down to Lima. Your car's outside, you say? Good! Then I'll pack a bag and you put your things back into your suitcase at once."

He crossed to his sitting-room and began stuffing clothes into his bag. Just then the door opened; Ovaldo stood on the threshold.

"My little Consuelo—" he began. Gil Martin hastily closed the door so that Doris should not hear. He did not like the look in the old man's eyes. "She has told me all," Ovaldo continued, "how you came, accepted by hospitality and—abused it. There is our own law in this country for such men as you."

The American saw with horror that there was a drawn knife in Ovaldo's sinewy hand. Panic-stricken, he whipped out his revolver and fired. The philosopher of the Mountain Inn crumpled to the floor just as Doris flung open the door.

"What is it—what has happened?" she cried.

Martin looked down at the old man.

"A dispute—about the bill! He attacked me

with his knife! I must get out of here! I'll wait in the car. You finish packing!"

He was gone, running down the stairs just as Consuelo rushed in to kneel beside her dying father. Doris threw the last articles into the bag, closed it and fled after him, frantic to get out of hearing of the terrible, stifled sobbing of the girl upstairs.

As she opened the front door, she collided with Anita who had at last arrived, flushed and laughing after a final struggle with Juju. She recognized the blonde woman and grimaced amusedly at her haste to get into the great car that was parked at a bend of the road, then she danced into the Inn, calling:

"Father! Consuelo! Here I am, home again! Consuelo, where are you?"

And down the stairs toward her ran the pitiful figure of Consuelo, her pale cheeks wet with tears and her great dark eyes full of agony, to fling herself into her sister's arms.

"Anita—there was an American staying here. He loved me—he said he'd marry me. And I was happy. And then—*she* came—his wife. And now he—has—killed—Father!"

THERE beside her dead father, one hand on the hilt of his knife and the other resting on Consuelo's dark curls, Anita Ovaldo swore vengeance.

"I will follow him across the world if need be; I will reach his side some day, be it months or years in coming, and then—I will kill him."

"Did you see him?" questioned Consuelo.

"No, but I saw *her!* I would know her anywhere! I will follow her and reach him through her."

And Consuelo dared not remonstrate, so fierce was the young voice, so steady and iron-hard the eyes of her sister Anita.

Two officers saw the girl and tried to stop her as she burst from the hold but, in the confusion, she evaded them and dashed to the ship's side.

The man Anita had rescued, looked at her with kind, steady eyes. "Why did you let them think you were my wife?" he asked.

HARTLEY Forbes had come back to his apartment in Lima after a business trip up the coast and now read the surprise in the face of the servant who admitted him. His tone was grave.

"So—Mrs. Forbes is away! And she told you she had gone to meet me at the Mountain Inn? Strange! You are sure that she said she was going to meet *me?*"

"Yes, sir, like that other time—"

"We won't discuss the other time—or times—that Mrs. Forbes has apparently gone to meet me. Thank you, that's all I want to know."

WHEN Doris Forbes finally arrived home, her husband gently but firmly drew away from the arms she put round his neck.

"Doris—I'm through. This is the last time you will deceive me. I know you went to the Mountain Inn to meet a man. I don't care who

Anita drew the frightened Consuelo to the window. A car stopped at the door and two men got out. "Tell me—is that the man?" Anita whispered.

he is particularly, but I do care for my honor. This has been going on too long. I'm sailing for New York on the *Paroga* next week and, when I arrive, I will start suit for divorce."

To prayers, tears and entreaties he remained the same, calm and steady and unshakable. When he had gone, the blonde woman turned frantically to the telephone and called up the steamship office.

THE *Paroga* steamed out toward the open sea on what was to be her last trip. No thought of worry or peril loomed over the minds of her passengers or crew, from the Captain on the bridge to the slender, dark-eyed stowaway among the flour-sacks in the hold. Anita Ovaldo, driven by her fiery hate, had traced the American car to the Forbes apartment and heard that the blonde woman was sailing with her husband on the *Paroga*. By good fortune, she met one of her father's former servants who was now a sailor on that ship. With his help she managed to live day after day in the humming hold, biding her time. She thought long, dark thoughts and saw in her mind only two pictures—her father and his murderer—herself, swearing her vow of vengeance.

Then came the day and night of storm, the terrible shifting of cargo that heeled the vessel over and let the mighty seas have their way. The great ship became an inferno of fear, shouts, stamping feet and the screams of women. In the confusion, Anita escaped from the hold but two officers saw her and tried to stop her. She slipped from them and ran on deck, seeking only one person—the blonde woman. Surely her husband would be with her at this moment—surely—

But Doris was alone, screaming with fright in her cabin. Hartley had refused to see her or speak to her in spite of the notes she had written him during the voyage. Now, in an agony of terror, she ran to the side of the ship, unaware of the slender dark-haired girl who dogged her every move. Suddenly a tall man stepped from the milling crowd and put a life-belt round Doris. Anita, even in the panic of the moment, noticed his steady strength and cool bravery. Surely *he* was not the husband of the blonde woman—he was too coldly impersonal with her for that.

With a horrible lurch the ship reeled and began to settle. The tall man, with Doris in his grasp, leaped into the sea. Anita followed, sick at heart for the loss of her revenge—the man she sought could not be on the ship, after all. But life called strongly in her young limbs. She swam desperately. Near her she saw the other two. The woman had fainted and the man was holding her up. A great wave struck them and tore Doris from Hartley's grip, stunning him. For a second, Anita saw the white face and fair hair of the woman, then she sank from sight. A drifting raft came tossing down almost on Anita. She seized it and pulled herself up. Beside her temporary safety she saw the face of the tall man,

(*Continued on page 29*)

Anita felt Hartley's arms about her and was ashamed. "No—I don't deserve it!" she said. "I tried to kill you—

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

The bride—just as happy as if she knew what she was doing.

The bridegroom had been married before—so there was no excuse for him.

* * *

The bride's mother had such a large family tree—all her limbs were the size of trunks.

* * *

"Why not postpone the wedding until after he graduates?"

"You'll be an old maid if you wait that long."

(Educational.)

* * *

When Sally married Johnny he said he was the idol of vaudeville—and he has been idle ever since.

(Educational.)

* * *

Johnny: "That's the spirit, Sally—you stick to me and the next birthday your pa and your ma will have dinner with us."

Sally: "Where, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Why, at their house." (Educational.)

* * *

Sally: "Why, Dad, they've got lots of hotels in New York. They've got one hotel that has three thousand rooms and bath."

Father: "Gosh, three thousand rooms and a bath—what a rush on Saturday night!" (Educational.)

* * *

Johnny: "They have a building in New York with a million stories."

Sally: "Oh, Johnny, what building has a million stories?"

Johnny: "Why, the Public Library!" (Educational.)

* * *

Johnny: "This looks like a female cigar."

Shulanger: "Why?"

Johnny: "It's got a wrapper on it." (Educational.)

* * *

She: "I was singing a song when some one threw this shoe through the window."

He: "Sing another verse. The shoe is my size."

(*Answers*, London—Topics of the Day Films.)

Gummy: "Yer never spoke to me that way 'fore we was married. What ails yer, Honey?"

Vi'let: "Yer never heard of a person catchin' fish and then feedin' him bait, did yer?"

("Hearts in Dixie," Fox.)

* * *

"Don't bother changing the box on the door, Baby. The lock I can't pick is still in Yale."

("The Canary Murder Case," Paramount.)

He: "You probably don't know it—but I wrote 'The Merry Widow'."
Girl "Yes? I'll bet she didn't answer you, though." (Educational.)

Very tenderly De Gace took Lillie in his arms—and she no longer had the strength to resist him.

The lure of summer nights, the scent of rare flowers, the haunting strains of soft music, calling to the senses, carrying the young wife to unknown heights of emotion — no wonder Lillie Sterling longed for the end of her stay in the land of

Wild Orchids

By DONALD H. CLEWTON

(Java, the scent of rare flowers, moonlight playing on the water, soft, luring music, the senuous dances of the native girls, and, over all, the passionate eyes of Prince De Gace, her host, ever wooing, ever inviting—no wonder Lillie Sterling's senses reeled! John Sterling, her husband, loved her with the quiet steady devotion of the man whose vast business interests engrossed most of his thoughts. But the lovely young wife, pulsating with life, craving a more ardent affection, longed for something more. To be sure, on the boat to Java she had avoided De Gace's attentions but the latter had studiously cultivated the friendship of the husband and had obtained his consent to pay a visit to him at his palace, holding out as a lure the excellent hunting which was Sterling's main recreation. Lillie looked forward to the end of their visit, especially when the fiery kiss pressed on her lips on the moonlit deck was repeated by her host one night when, garbed in the lovely golden dress of the native Jarvanese bride, presented to her by De Gace, she had wandered out into the perfume-laden garden in search of relief from the intense heat. That De Gace had a fascination for her that grew with the hours that her husband's absorption in business left them alone together, she could not deny, but it was the fascination that a cobra has for its victim and she longed to be free from it.)

* * *

"LET me go!" Lillie cried desperately. Her cry was smothered by De Gace's lips. In a moment she had relaxed acquiescently in his arms. The blood mounted quickly to her head. But she had

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by John Colton. Sidney Franklin directed, with Greta Garbo appearing as Lillie Sterling, Lewis Stone as John Sterling and Nils Asther as De Gace.

not completely lost control of herself. "Let me go."

"For now, yes! Soon you will come to me of your own accord. But I wish that you would let me possess you tonight, dressed as you are in the bridal costume of my people."

"Let me go."

De Gace released her, and Lillie ran quickly into her room and, throwing herself on the bed, hid her face in the pillows. She was filled with shame, for she had relaxed her vigilance and she knew that De Gace was aware of her momentary surrender to her emotions.

THE next morning, the Prince put a car at Sterling's disposal so that he might inspect various coffee plantations in which he was interested. When Lillie asked to go along, De Gace immediately offered to accompany them as guide. She could hardly suppress her chagrin at this move.

On their way to an outlying plantation, a sudden tropical storm came up and deluged them. When it passed, Lillie was soaking wet, so De Gace suggested that they stop at a native inn until her clothes could dry. Sterling, however, wished to push on without Lillie and complete his business for the day.

At the little bamboo inn where they stopped, a native maid attended to Lillie, undressing her and hanging her clothes up to dry. Then she wrapped her in a native wrapper of brilliantly colored cloth which left her shoulders bare.

Sterling and De Gace were about to resume their trip, intending to pick Lillie up on the way home, when Sterling noticed the evil face of the proprietor of the inn. He was worried by it. For a moment he did not know what to do. He did not want to leave his wife alone with this man, nor did he wish to delay his business trip. There was but one thing left for him to do.

Turning to De Gace, he asked:

"Would you be so kind as to keep Mrs. Sterling company until I return? I don't like the looks of that proprietor. He seems an evil chap."

"With great pleasure."

LILLIE, who had seen them from the window and had guessed the subject of their conversation, was paralyzed with fear at the thought of being alone in this country inn with De Gace after the revealing kiss of the night before. She watched him come striding up the path to the inn as the motor took Sterling away from her.

As she heard De Gace's steps in the next room, Lillie slammed the door hurriedly. De Gace smiled to himself. He could see her clothes, even to her underwear and stockings, on a line outside the house. He clapped his hands together. The maid came running.

"No matter how often Madame rings for you, you must not answer," he directed, slipping a gold piece into her hand.

ALL morning long, Lillie wandered about her room, half-frightened and half-bored. Then, toward noon, judging that her clothes were dry, she rang repeatedly for the maid but there was no answer.

Luncheon time came, and silence prevaded the house. Only once in a while Lillie heard the scratching of a match as De Gace lit a cigarette in the next room. Finally she could stand it no longer. Flinging the door open, she went to De Gace, trying to hide her nudity as best she could with the filmsy native garment.

"Were it not for the necklace that you wear, one would mistake you for a blonde and beautiful Javanese," he said.

"Were it not for you, I would be dressed as befits an American lady," she said lightly as if to turn the whole matter into a jest.

"You look very beautiful, even more beautiful as a Javanese."

He walked toward her and Lillie was held enthralled by the passionate light in his eyes. Never had Sterling looked at her in that way. Very tenderly he took her in his arms and she no longer had the strength to resist him. They kissed passionately.

LATE that afternoon when Sterling returned, Lillie was still in De Gace's arms, and so ardent were the two lovers that they failed to notice his approach until it was almost too late. Sterling caught sight of them just as Lillie whisked into the other room. On entering, he ignored De Gace and followed his wife into the adjoining room. She was sitting calmly on the bed and looked so innocent, he did not have the courage to voice his suspicions.

In the other room De Gace was doing some tall thinking. He clapped his hands softly together and the maid came to him. Quickly he explained to her what he wanted, and, when Sterling came from Lillie's room, he found the Prince standing in the same spot where he had

Gently Lillie bent over the wounded man.

stood with Lillie, his arms around the maid. Sterling smiled to himself. So this, then, was what he had seen through the window. It had not been Lillie, after all; it had been the maid.

De Gace pretended to be very embarrassed at Sterling's having surprised him in the compromising position, but inwardly he was chuckling at the easy trick with which he had allayed the husband's suspicions.

The maid got Lillie's dry clothing and, while she dressed, De Gace went out to see that the car was fit for the run back and Sterling amused himself in the main room of the inn. Suddenly, in the pillows of the sofa near which he had seen De Gace and the maid embrace, he caught sight of Lillie's necklace. Now he saw through the Prince's trick, and, as if by magic, his eyes were cleared and he understood why it was that Lillie had not liked the Prince. He put the necklace in his pocket and determined to keep silent for a while.

AT the end of their fortnight's stay at De Gace's palace, the Prince, who had never again found an opportunity to pierce Lillie's armor of virtue, invited her and Sterling to join him in a tiger hunt in the mountains back of Subaya. Sterling, who had been unnaturally silent and reserved since the afternoon at the inn, responded to the invitation with alacrity. Lillie was reluctant to go.

Arriving at the hunting camp, they found the natives excited at having seen huge tiger spoor and De Gace predicted good sport for the morrow. That night they all sat before a campfire in front of their three tents. The Prince, Lillie noticed, had placed her tent between his and Sterling's.

Seated before the fire, Sterling dropped off into a doze, and, taking advantage of this, De Gace renewed his passionate lovemaking with Lillie.

Suddenly Sterling awoke and reached quickly into his back pocket. It seemed to both the lovers as though he were reaching for a gun and they shrank back from him in guilty terror.

"What is it you want?" Lillie asked nervously.

"Only my pipe," Sterling answered, continuing to search through his pockets.

"I'll get it for you. It's in the pocket of your jacket."

Searching Sterling's coat pocket for the pipe, Lillie suddenly felt something round and smooth in her hand. Lifting it out, she saw that it was the necklace she had lost that fateful afternoon. Sterling had known of her infidelity all these past two weeks.

She took his pipe to him, and Sterling looked into her eyes with a mocking smile. He could see that she had found the necklace. De Gace, scenting something was amiss, proposed that they retire, and both Lillie and Sterling gladly assented.

ALONE in her own tent, Lillie tried to collect her thoughts. Finally she decided to go to De Gace and explain all to him, hoping that he might have some solution for the trouble into which he had led her. She put her kimono on over her nightgown and slipped into the adjoining tent.

The Prince seemed to have been expecting her. But, before either could speak, the ear-shattering roar of a tiger shocked the jungle.

"Close at hand—that fellow!" De Gace exclaimed.

Lillie began to explain the necklace but, before she finished her story, they heard Sterling's footsteps approaching. Lillie was horror-stricken, but De Gace responded to the situation with coolness. He stepped out of the tent as if he had perceived his guest's approach and had come to meet him. Sterling had two rifles in his hand. He handed one to De Gace.

"Did you hear that roar? I think we can get that tiger if we go out now," Sterling said.

De Gace, who knew that hunting tigers at night is not the safest of sports, was on the point of dissuading Sterling from this mad project when it occurred to him, that if he refused, the husband would most likely step into the tent and find his wife there, so he assented and the two men started into the jungle.

AS soon as they had gone, Lillie slipped into her own tent. On the bed was the necklace that she had last seen in her husband's pocket. He had known that she was with De Gace. Something desperate was evidently in his mind, and this mad hunting expedition at midnight without beaters and native guides was a prelude to some dreadful deed in the fastnesses of the jungle.

Madly, in the hope of thwarting whatever violence her husband had in mind, she chased after the two men into the dark jungle, illuminated only by the light of a thin moon.

PROCEEDING in single file, with Sterling in the lead, the two men had gone deep into the jungle. Suddenly Sterling caught sight of the tiger, crouched beside a stream. Silently he pointed out the beast to De Gace, and the latter knelt, took careful aim and pulled the trigger of his rifle. No report came. He pulled the lever which should send another cartridge into the chamber of the rifle. Only then did he notice that the gun that Sterling had handed him was unloaded. Turning, he looked for Sterling, but the latter had already run back a dozen yards or more. The tiger, his tail erect, a low grumbling sound issuing from his throat, was preparing to spring. De Gace turned and fled, the tiger bounding after him.

Just then Lillie came up, saw and understood what was going on. She seized Sterling's arm and begged him:

"Shoot! Shoot!"

The husband tried to aim at the bounding, shadowy figure of the tiger, but his bullets went far wide of the mark. It was not until after the tiger had seized De Gace and hurled him to the ground that he was able to score a hit. The beast dropped dead over the seemingly lifeless body of the Prince.

"What right had you to judge?" Lillie demanded wildly. "What right had you to take his life without knowing whether or not he was guilty? You are a brute!"

Together they pulled the corpse of the dead tiger away from De Gace's body. He was still breathing. Taking off her kimono, Lillie tore it into strips with which to bind her lover's deep wounds. Horrible gashes had been left on his brow and breast by the saber-like claws of the tiger.

Sterling ran fair aid and with the help of the Prince's servants brought the wounded man to the camp. On the following day they carried him carefully to his palace, and there a Dutch doctor was summoned and bound his wounds properly.

WHEN De Gace was strong enough to talk, Sterling said:

"I'm sorry for what has happened, but I hope we can make the best of it all. I depart today for America and I leave Lillie here with you. We can secure a divorce quietly and then she will be free to marry you. Be good to her."

De Gace smiled wanly to himself as Sterling left the room, then he took the hand of the pretty nurse who tended him and pressed a kiss into her palm.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Cowboy: No, Harry Carey wasn't born in the Wild and Wooley. He first saw the light of day in our own New York, in fact, right up on 117th Street. I agree with you that his portrayal of Western characters is splendid. And Harry Carey has all the courage of the early pioneers, too. Through years of conscientious work, he had amassed quite a fortune. This fortune he invested in a ranch in San Fernando Valley, Cal. Then, just about this time last year, a flood swept his entire savings away. Did Harry sit down and bemoan his fate? He did not. He immediately got booking on the two-a-day and set about to show the flood that it takes more than a grand rush of water to beat him. And now our hero has had one of the breaks his brave spirit deserves. He is at present on the high seas, bound for Africa where he'll be starred in Director W. S. Van Dyke's picturization of "Trader Horn".

* * *

Curious: You're all wrong — curiously wrong. Lovely Corinne Griffith and her husband-manager, Walter Morosco, instead of coming to the parting of the ways, are now on the *Leviathan* bound for a three months' vacation in Europe. Funny rumors do arise, don't they, Curious?

* * *

Lottie: Yes, Hope Hampton has returned to the screen —not as a movie actress but as a grand opera singer. Think of that! A "singie" preceded the opening of "Noah's Ark", a "singie' in which Hope was the bright and shining light. It was thrilling to hear this girl hold that great Broadway audience spellbound—thrilling if one looked beyond to the weeks, months, yes, years of patient study that went before that golden hour of triumph. Hope has worked and worked to achieve her present success—worked when she could have idled her time away, surrounded by every luxury her red-gold head could conceive. She's an example to all of us, isn't she, pals, as that pal of mine, Rosemary Lee, would say?

* * *

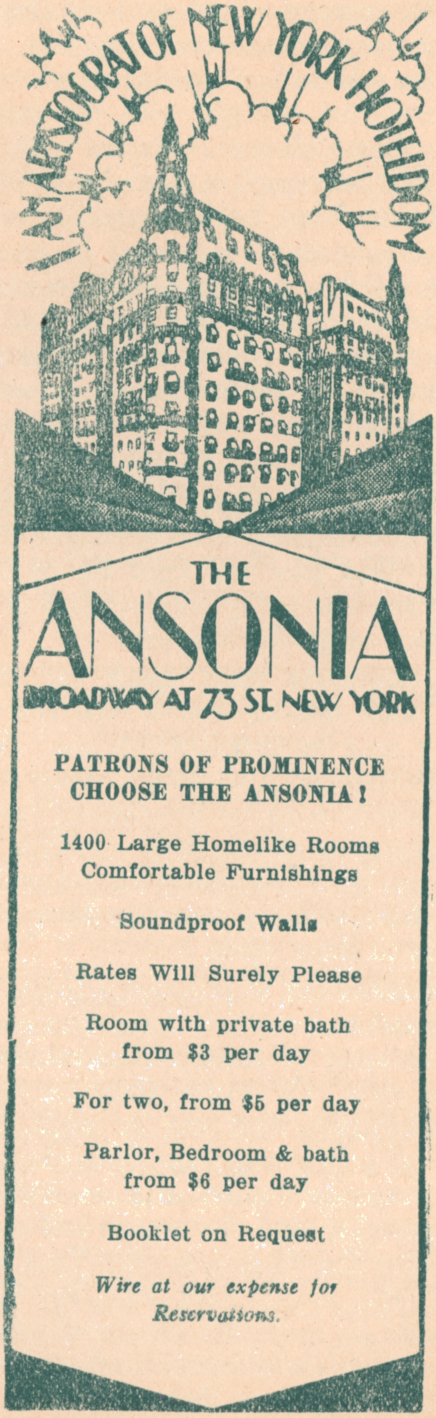
Jolson Dan: No, little Davey Lee is not Al Jolson's child—except, of course, in the picture, "The Singing Fool." Yes, your hero is married. Don't you remember "not so long ago", Ruby Keeler, that nifty little tap dancer, became Mrs. Al?

* * *

L. M.: You'll have your wish to see Fannie Brice on the screen again. She'll be going Coastward in the not so distant future to do some pictures for United Artists. Of course, she'll sing. What a disappointment to her fans if she didn't! I understand friend-husband, Billy Rose, is writing the play.

* * *

Fanny: Yes, Bob Agnew has been making personal appearances. I saw him at the Paramount, New York City. I can't say whether or not his route will include your town. Why not ask your local manager, Sure, he's handsome!



Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON EIGHTY-TWO (Reviewed)

Will Your Characters Live in Memory?

IN writing for the stage or screen, not only is it necessary to have an interesting plot but it is of the utmost importance that the action of this plot be carried on by characters that will live in the memory of people long after the incidents of the play have been forgotten. In other words, the characters themselves should linger in memory even though, with the years, one's taste in plays changes. On this subject, Prof. Brander Matthews says in much better and clearer language than I can hope to attain:

"On the plot, on the situation, on the sequence of events which the playwright needs first of all to win the favor of the throng, he must expend his invention, and he must be as ingenious as he may be in adroit devices to sustain the interest of his story.

"On the characters who live and move inside this plot, he must bestow the best of his imagination; and into them he must breathe the breath of life, so that they will exist for us long after we have lost our liking for the kind of story in which they originally figured."

Your characters must speak for themselves both in their actions and in the few subtitles that they may be permitted to use. With the limited number of situations at your command, you can hardly hope to do anything but make a new combination of this very restricted material, but you can hope to forward the action by means of new characters, for here you have practically the world to draw upon.

As I pointed out in previous articles, the number of situations known to dramatists is only thirty-six and many of these are unsuitable for use in screen plays. Of course, there are numberless new combinations that can be made, but your one best bet is in giving these situations to characters so humanly drawn and so individual in their personality that the action will seem to be new because the characters are. Your hero may do what other heroes have done, but his personality should be such that your audience will remember him in the situation as though the situation itself were new to them.

Deserted wives are not new to screen or stage, or to life itself, I might add, but, if you draw your character so pathetically that people will remember and say: "Don't you remember how sorry we were for that poor girl when her husband left her in——?", when you get to drawing characters so that, if your play is filmed, the audience will remember and comment on them afterward, you will have achieved success.

And all this means that it is better to write about characters with which you are familiar and whose traits and psychology you can study in your daily life—which again brings us to the admonition:

"Write about that with which you are familiar."

And this leads me to quote a few remarks of John R. Stahl, well known film director, when he was asked:

"Why have domestic dramas proved more successful on the screen than any other type of production?"

Mr. Stahl answered:

"When reading a book, seeing a play or viewing a motion picture, we like to put ourselves into it—to breathe with the characters and become so wrapt up in them that we forget conditions unfolding before us are not actually real.

"When we have read such a book, seen such a play or viewed such a picture, we feel that we have indeed found something worth while. The keynote is reality. That is what matters most on the screen as it does in fiction and in stage drama.

"The great majority of people are experiencing domestic dramas of their own, perhaps not poignant ones but serious to each individual. Naturally, the thing that strikes them most deeply is a picture that tells their own experience, or, at

(*Continued on page 27*)

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DOUBLING IN LEGS

(Continued from page 9)

Just when everything seemed to run smoothly, the German mark began to cut capers. Camilla was forced to go out of the pajama business.

For a while she maintained herself by disposing of her stock of pajamas, selling them one at a time. As a final resort, she began to commercialize her knowledge of dancing. She had no difficulty in landing a job in the chorus of a revue. Eventually she was promoted to do a solo dance. This, in turn, got her work in pictures, where she doubled for prominent German stars in dances and for close-ups of legs and feet.

And, while she doubled for Lil Dagover's legs, the great Murnau discovered Camilla Horn. Just when that great director had despaired of ever procuring an actress with the necessary attributes for his ideal of *Marguerite,* he saw Camilla. She was ordered to report at the studio the next day for a test. And a day later she was signed for the part in "Faust".

The "Faust" film was followed by a series of leads at the UFA, then Miss Horn accepted Joseph Schenck's offer to come to America. Three days after her arrival in Hollywood, she was put to work opposite John Barrymore in "Tempest".

HER sudden, meteoric rise to fame has by no means gone to Camilla Horn's head. She does not lay claim to a long, illustrious line of ancestors. She does not pretend to be high-brow or even 'arty'. Neither does she cherish any illusions regarding her 'career'.

She frankly tells everyone that she is interested only in light, entertaining literature, preferably stories and interviews about herself. Her taste in music runs to the popular, lilting tunes; in fact, she is mad about American jazz. She greatly underrates her linguistic talents—swears up and down that she will never be able to master the English language. But, when thrown upon her own resources, it is surprising with what ease and fluency she can talk.

During the first week of her stay in Hollywood, Camilla found and rented a house, without the aid of an interpreter. Later, she went out to purchase supplies, a feat which she accomplished by means of signs and pantomime.

She grimaced and puckered up her mouth. The grocer brought her lemons. She shook her head, and with her hands she outlined the shape of a bottle—whereupon she received the desired vinegar.

NO, Camilla Horn has no burning desire to become to the screen what Dusé was to the stage. She knows that on the screen youth is the primary asset and that a mature actress, no matter how brilliant her talent and technique may be, is a drug on the market. Therefore, she is making the most of her youth and good looks at the present time.

Unlike so many professional beauties, Camilla Horn does not play at domesticity for the benefit of the interviewer. She has the inborn German love of order and cleanliness, and at times waxes quite persnickity over the symmetry of the table covering. She takes care of her own wardrobe, mends her own stockings and prefers cooking her own meals.

Camilla is happily married, proving the old adage about absence making the heart grow fonder, for, shortly after her marriage, Miss Horn was forced to leave her husband to come to America to fulfill her contract with Mr. Schenck.

Miss Horn's husband is a non-professional—the head of an import and export business in Hamburg. As soon as she finished her work in "Tempest", she took advantage of the interval between pictures to run over to visit him.

She admits that she is shamelessly, blindly, insanely in love with her husband and that there is no one in the wide world who could ever replace him in her affections. And this is as it should be!

OUR SCHOOL OF SCENARIO WRITING

(Continued from page 26)

least, hints at it or suggests it. That is pleasing them, entertaining them and giving them something they actually understand and desire to see.

"So I believe that for some time the domestic drama will take precedence over all else. The spectacle will have its place. Slapstick comedy and new and intriguing plots, as well as stories of mystery, will also be in demand, but, for stability and durability I think the domestic drama will stand alone."

Now, honestly, haven't I always said that those plots are best which contain action that can be translated into any status of society, no matter whether the director of the play has used characters high or low in the social scale. And, boiled down, doesn't what Mr. Stahl says vindicate the way I have always harped on Universal Human Emotions as the best basis for a play?

So then, when you next sit down to write, think of drawing your characters so that they will linger in the memory when read about by the editorial reader, and, if produced, will have the same effect upon an audience, and, secondly, if you are starting a new script, see if you can't act on the above advice and write a domestic drama.

SPEAKEASY

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Don't!" cried Alice. "Don't hurt him!"

A new voice broke in sternly:

"Stop it, Cannon! You keep your hands off that girl and don't touch Fuzzy, either!"

It was Paul Martin. Angry as he was at Alice for her article, he felt a red savagery rising in him at the sight of her in Delmont's grip. He meant business and Delmont knew it, so he scowled and turned away. Alice pressed Martin's hand.

"Thank you," she said softly.

This unexpected chivalry gave her a wonderful opportunity to talk things over with Paul Martin, for, with a woman's intuition, she knew that there is a warm spot in a man's heart toward the woman he has been able to help out of a difficulty. He felt his anger ebbing and when, looking into his face with those earnest blue eyes of hers, she begged him not to trust Delmont he felt pleased at her interest—though he ridiculed the idea.

"Why, Cannon has put me on to a sure bet for tomorrow. I'm laying five hundred on the horse he talked about; that's how much faith I have in him," he said.

Alice shook her head.

"If I prove to you tomorrow that he's double-crossing you," she said, "will you believe me?"

"*If!*" he answered. "I told him I wouldn't bother to be there, but maybe I will, at that. But I'm still mad at you because of the article."

With that, for the time, she had to be satisfied.

Passing through the outer room she told Delmont that she would accept his invitation. He beamed, but old Fuzzy, overhearing, shook his gray head sadly.

IT worked out just as she had planned. Delmont had told her to bet on a horse called Rosebud, and, even as it flashed to the winning post in the lead, she saw Martin approaching, dark of face. Smiling, she turned to Delmont.

"Thank you so much for tipping me off about Rosebud!" she said.

He grinned.

"It was a sure thing—" he began and then saw Martin. "I thought you weren't coming!"

"Yes. And you advised me to put five hundred on Bridesmaid—didn't you? You gypped me!"

"Now, now—I was only fooling. I didn't bet your money at all, old man. It was just a joke. Here—I'll return it."

"You bet you will! And I'm through with you from now on—see!"

Delmont, flushing angrily, made his escape. Martin and Alice were left alone.

"You were right," he said, "and I've had other proof. He fixed that fight the other night. I——"

"Then you'll fight Donovan?"

"Why are you so interested?"

"Because—because you'll make such a wonderful story."

His face fell.

"Is that all?"

"And because— because—"

"Because you're interested in *me*?"

Their glances met and she smiled into his eyes.

"I'll fight Donovan," he said.

SHE was at the station when he returned from his training camp, brown and strong. Over the heads of the men who surrounded him she heard his voice.

"Till tonight! I'll have a ringside seat for you. You'll be there?"

"I'll be there!" she called.

AT the speakeasy, Cannon Delmont stood over Min and gave orders.

"You call Alice up—see! Get her over here! Did you send Fuzzy out?"

The night club hostess was pale. She hated this man who had the whip-hand over her, hated what she had to do, for, under the hard lines and the rouge, Big Min had a kindly heart. She nodded slowly.

"I told him Gasparelli over at the Hotel Lombard might buy his opera. He was as tickled as a kid. I felt rotten about it. Gee—I don't want to go through with this, Cannon!"

"You don't want to do a stretch up the river, either, do you?" he asked brutally. She flinched.

To Alice's ear the voice of Min sounded strained and unhappy. The girl paled as she listened.

"What?" she said. "Fuzzy—hurt? And asking for me? The poor old thing! Surely, I'll be right over!"

"Where is he?" she asked, panting.

Min, in that same strained voice, gestured to her to mount the stairs.

"In my bedroom—he's—he's dying."

The girl ran upstairs and pushed open the door. Suddenly strong hands grabbed her, she was bound, gagged and flung across the bed by one of Delmont's henchmen and the door was locked. She was alone.

Through her terror, her quick brain fathomed Delmon't plan. He knew of that ringside seat for the fight, he knew of Paul Martin's interest in her. A word to the fighter as he entered the ring and the sight of that empty seat and Paul would not be able to concentrate on victory. He would go down to defeat and Delmont would reap a golden harvest of bets. He would not know where she was—and before he could find out and save her—" Her mind shuddered away from the thought that followed.

DOWNSTAIRS a strained atmosphere pervaded the speakeasy. Delmont had left to go to the fight.

"But I'll be back later!" he said meaningly.

Big Min flinched. More and more she hated herself for her part in the treachery to the girl.

The usual crowd of hangers-on collected to listen to the fight coming over the radio. Fuzzy returned and looked at Min with troubled old eyes.

"Min," he said gently, "Gasparelli wasn't the sort of person who would be interested in my music. You knew that, didn't you? Then why—did you want to get me out of the way?"

Suddenly the woman broke down.

"Yes. Oh, Fuzzy, I've done a terrible thing! Alice Woods is—up there in my room. Delmont——"

"I—was—afraid of that," the old man said.

The door opened and Cannon Delmont entered. A glance from one white face to the other informed him that Fuzzy knew. He sneered:

"You stay out of my business. I'm going upstairs—now. I—won't be long!"

His eyes were hot with expectation. A shiver ran through Fuzzy's old frame and Min was pale as death. Delmont mounted the stairs with a swagger. From the folds of his coat the old musician brought out a little revolver and poised it, trembling. A shot crashed. Cannon Delmont, at the top of the stairs, reeled and fell as three of his men ran from the other room. Min snapped off the lights but three red spurts of flame from the revolvers showed her the slender figure of the old man start and fall. She did not wait. With the key of the bedroom in her hand, she rushed upstairs and quickly released Alice.

"Don't stop for anything—there's been a scrap! It's all right! But the fight's started and Paul's having a bad time—I heard over the radio! Run—run to the Garden! Quick, before the police come!"

The girl ran down and found herself in the street just as a patrol wagon raced round the corner. She did not stop but raced on, her heart in her throat. Before her loomed the lights of Madison Square Garden—at last—at last! She heard boos and cat-calls—she saw that Paul was down, the referee was counting.

"Paul! Paul!" she cried. "Get up! I'm here—Paul—Paul!" He raised dazzled eyes, struggled and rose. The crowd cheered.

BACK in the speakeasy the police had captured the three gunmen. Big Min, with tears streaking her rouge, knelt beside old Fuzzy. His lips stirred.

"Did—she—get—away?"

"Thanks to you, yes—she got away!"

A beautiful smile trembled over his mouth and then his head fell back. Fuzzy had passed into the land where there is always music.

IN the brilliantly lighted Garden, the referee raised Paul's triumphant hand. At his feet Donovan lay still, knocked out by one terrific blow. But Paul was interested in only one thing—the outstretched arms of Alice. He caught her to him and held her tight before the world!

THE ETERNAL WOMAN

(*Continued from page* 18)

almost exhausted. With a last access of strength, she caught his shoulders and helped him scramble up beside her. All that night they drifted. The man's eyes closed. Anita twisted strong young fingers into the collar of his coat and held him firmly. Then darkness came down on her, too.

WHEN she woke up, she was warm and comfortable and the roar of the sea was a far, faint murmur through sunny windows. The man she had helped lay sleeping in another bed across the room where she found herself. It was evidently a fisherman's cottage. Slipping out of bed, she stood looking down at the sleeping man. He was very boyish and handsome and her lips parted in a smile as she watched the rise and fall of his breast.

A gentle voice spoke at her side:

"So you have awakened at last, Madam, and see—your husband sleeps well and is safe. You saved his life, you know; your hand was fast in his collar and my husband, the fisherman, had to pry your fingers loose though you were unconscious. You are very brave. Soon he will wake up, too."

The kindly fisherman's wife led her into the little kitchen and gave her something to eat. Then she wandered out on to the sun-swept beach and pondered on the strange turn of events.

WHEN Hartley Forbes awoke, he was told how brave his "wife" had been and how he owed his life to her. He shrank a little at the information, his sense of fair play telling him that if Doris had indeed saved him he could not go through with his plan of disowning her. His surprise when the fisherman's wife called and a slim, dark girl appeared on the threshold of his room was unutterable. Yet she was so lovely, so young and glowing and shyly proud that he did not disabuse the good woman.

That evening, dressed and fed, he sat beside the fire and questioned the girl.

The fisherman and his wife had gone out to a neighbor's and they were alone. Anita saw Hartley's gaze, steady and kind, on her face.

"Why did you let them think you were—my wife?" he asked. She flushed.

"I was a stowaway. I was afraid I'd be sent back if they knew. The woman thought—what she thought—and I let her."

She glanced shyly up at him. He was so strong and so gentle! Soon she was pouring out her pitiful story—her father's death, Consuelo's broken heart, the treachery of the man and of the woman who had come to the Inn. But she did not tell him that the blonde woman was the same she had seen him attempt to save from drowning—it did not seem necessary and she did not dream there was any connection.

When she had finished, he took her hand and pressed it.

"We two have come from death into life, little Anita. I think we should forget all past revenges and heartaches. I, too, lost some one in the wreck—my wife. No—do not sympathize. It saved me from perhaps a worse tragedy—though heaven knows I would not have chosen that way out. But there remains—you and me. I owe you my life. You must come home with me and let my mother thank you. Our home shall be yours for as long as you wish it."

SO Anita went home to the great house where mourning was changed to joy by Hartley's arrival. The gracious lady who was his mother took the girl to her heart at once and love for her and for her beautiful home grew daily in the girl's heart. And the mother saw, with a mother's eyes, that her son was dreaming new dreams—dreams that held Anita—and she was glad and not a bit surprised when one day, blushing and glowing, they came to tell her that they had found love together.

"There is no reason to delay the wedding, is there, my dears?" she said warmly. "I love weddings. Let's have it in a week or two, shall we?"

Hartley warmly assented to his mother's words but Anita shook her dark head.

"I must have my sister, Consuelo. It's only a month, Hartley, between the time I write and her arrival here."

"Then write tonight—at once—darling!" Hartley cried boyishly, and she did.

THE day before Consuelo's arrival, an old friend of the bridegroom came to the house. Hartley dragged him joyously in to introduce him to Anita.

"This is my friend Gil—Gil Martin, Nita!" he cried. "Just in time for the wedding! I'm a lucky man, Gil! Isn't she the loveliest thing?"

Later, when the two men were alone, Gil Martin mentioned having heard of the loss of Doris on the *Paroga*. He was curious to know whether Hartley had any suspicion of his own part in Doris's life. But, though Hartley was very grave, he was utterly unsuspicious.

"Yes, it was a dreadful thing," he said. "I'm sorry for the poor girl, but—it solved a very difficult problem for her—and for me."

Gil breathed again—Hartley didn't know.

"You'll come to dinner tomorrow night, of course, old man?" said Hartley. "My fiancée's sister is arriving from South America and we'd love to have you there. I'll drive you up from the station if you'll come by the six o'clock train."

ANITA and Consuelo laughed and chattered happily together and with Mrs. Forbes all the way from the dock to the house. They were radiant at being together again and Anita could hardly wait to introduce her sister to the wonderful man she was going to marry. Arrived at home, they found that Hartley was out, driving to the station for Gil Matrin, and Mrs. Forbes said:

"While we're waiting for the men, will you come into my room There's a lovely old chain I want to give you, Anita. It will be perfect with your wedding dress."

The two girls, arms interlocked, stood at her side as she searched the big carved bureau. A discarded photograph lay in one of the drawers and a cry and a gasp burst simultaneously from the two girls as they saw it. It was the picture of a pretty blonde woman with shallow blue eyes, and across the corner was written:

"To my husband's mother, with love from Doris."

"Was that—Hartley's wife?" Anita breathed. Consuelo, stricken by the horror of her thought, was white and silent.

"Yes—that was Doris," Hartley's mother replied. "But you, my dear, will make him forget all past unhappiness." She put the delicate gold chain round Anita's neck. "There, my dear. Now you run along and dress. Hartley and his friend will be here soon."

Alone together in the spacious room Mrs. Forbes had given Anita, the sisters looked at each other. With a cry Consuelo flung herself into Anita's arms and her sister held her tenderly, stroking the dark curls, but her eyes, above the bent head, were fierce and hard.

"That man—who broke your heart and killed our father, the man I loved—Hartley!"

"Don't do anything terrible, Nita! Don't—oh please! Just let's go away somewhere—by ourselves—and try to forget."

"No!" Anita's hand caught at the gold chain Mrs. Forbes had given her and wrenched it away from her neck. "Everything's over—finished—except revenge! Listen—there's the sound of the car outside. If only there had been some dreadful mistake! If only it was some one else! Come, Consuelo, come to the window and look! Is *that* the man?"

Her eyes were on Hartley, tall and handsome, laughing as he stepped from the car and turned toward his friend. But the eyes of Consuelo, dark and miserable, were on the familiar form of Gil Martin.

"That—is—the—man," she whispered.

AMONG Anita's belongings was a small, pearl-handled revolver. She took it now and went toward the door. Consuelo sprang toward her but she was too late. Anita, with a set, white face, had left the room, closed the door and turned the key on the outside. Consuelo's slim hands battered at the panels but, before a maid heard her and opened it, there was a terrible sound from downstairs—a cry and a shot! She raced down.

ANITA had entered the drawing-room very quietly and as Mrs. Forbes, Gil Martin and Hartley turned toward her, smiling, they were suddenly aware of her strange, tense look. Hartley saw that she held something behind her and came to her, endeavoring to put his arm round her. She flashed at him:

"You! How *dare* you! I've just found out that *you* were the man with that woman at the Mountain Inn! You broke Consuelo's heart and killed by father—oh, you beast—you beast!"

He caught her wrist just as she fired and the pistol shot went wild. Then he held her closely, tenderly, trying to understand. Behind them, Gil Martin stood, yellow with fear. On this scene Consuelo, wild-eyed, burst in.

"I tried to kill him—oh, I tried to keep my vow!" Anita sobbed fiercely, but Consuelo's great accusing eyes were on Gil Martin.

"*That* was the man at the Mountain Inn—the husband of the blonde American woman. I don't understand, Anita. Isn't he the one you loved?"

It all became suddenly clear to Hartley and he held Anita still more closely.

"Darling, don't cry so. It was a misunderstanding. Doris—the woman who was my wife—was certainly at the Inn, and now I know whom she went to meet. But it was not I—don't you believe me?"

"Oh—don't touch me—don't hold me so gently—I don't deserve it, I am ashamed! Oh, Hartley—you—I tried to kill you!"

But he closed her trembling lips with kisses.

A PASSING policeman, alarmed by the sound of the shot, burst into the room. Hartley sternly gestured to the shaking Gil Martin.

"Arrest that man," he said. "He's wanted for murder in South America!"

AND so vengeance found Gil Martin, traitor and murderer. Mrs. Forbes took Consuelo to her motherly heart and taught her to forget, and Anita's wedding was the happiest in the whole world!

DO YOU DREAM

And do you want to interpret those dreams? Send ten cents to Lucky Publishing Corporation, 112 West 44th Street, New York City, for that handy little volume, "Napoleon's Dream Book".

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS

(*Continued from page* 13)

"Did you hear the thing he called me?" Hugh nodded. "Your promise, Hugh, look after Geoffrey."

When Hugh had followed Geoffrey from the room, Sir Montague stood in front of Diana.

"In view of what has happened," he said evenly, "it will be best for you to remain on the Continent. We will take the body back to England."

Neville started toward the door. He couldn't speak; he couldn't look at Diana. She watched him go sadly and then sank into a chair, sobbing. After awhile, she crossed to the window through which David had jumped to death and looked down. Then, shaking her head in a negative gesture, she returned to her chair.

THEREAFTER the newspapers of England placed the adjective "notorious" before the name of Mrs. Furness whenever it was necessary to mention her in connection with the sadly smart world that makes its headquarters at the Cafe d' Antipes, at Monte Carlo, at Deauville or at Cairo. Her name was mentioned often in the society columns, and many masculine names were linked with hers in the dreary years following David Furness's death "for decency", but never to any man did Diana say, "I love you".

Finally the society columns of the London papers printed startling news: Diana Furness was returning to London after seven years of exile, to care for her brother who was reported seriously ill.

Shortly after this news was broadcast through Mayfair, Diana's Hispana Suiza, thrusting its blunt nose through a London fog, stopped before the apartment house where Neville Holderness, now one of England's most promising young diplomats, made his home.

In the foyer, Diana asked the desk clerk to summon Dr. Trevalyan whom she had heard was dining with Mr. Holderness.

Her name fell like a bomb in the group of people gathered about the table to celebrate Neville's engagement to Constance Furley—lovely, clear-eyed Constance.

Hugh rose hurriedly, murmured an excuse and followed the servant who had come for him. Constance blanched at the name of the woman who had so charmed her beloved Neville in his youth. Sir Montague bit his lip and frowned. The rest of the party began to buzz with the scandalous things they had heard about Diana.

Neville flushed, quickly gained control of himself again, but could not forbear from looking out of the window. Far below he saw Hugh climbing into Diana's car. He caught only a glimpse of Diana as the high-powered motor slid off into the night—but that glimpse was enough.

When the party had broken up and he had taken Constance home, Neville directed his driver to go to the street on which Geoffrey lived.

Dr. Trevelyan, looking out of the window as Geoffrey raved on and on in the throes of delerium tremens, saw Neville climb out of his cab, speak with Diana who had been waiting outside and then clamber into the front seat beside her. The Hispiano Suiza roared defiance to the world as it tore away through the London fog.

TOGETHER Diana and Neville drove to his apartment. They entered without saying a word. Both of them felt the tenseness of the situation. Finally Diana sauntered over to a picture of Constance on the piano.

"This is Constance, isn't it? I read of your engagement. You are being married shortly?" she asked.

"Yes, in three days."

Diana studied the picture closely.

"She has such clean eyes—they frighten me."

Seating herself on the sofa, she lighted a cigarette. Suddenly Neville's eyes were fascinated by a ring on one of her fingers. It seemed as though it might slip off at any moment, so loosely did it fit.

"You're losing your ring," he remarked.

Diana looked down and a slow smile parted her lips.

"The man who gave it to me said I was like this ring—beautiful but loose and, like this ring, I might easily fall," she explained. Neville, enflamed by the slow languor of her smile, started toward her but Diana went on speaking, "With a little effort, however, I can crook my finger and keep the ring from falling—just as with myself—with a little effort."

Somehow the lightness of her tones and the mockery in her voice stirred Neville to jealousy. His mind flashed to the many men who had enjoyed Diana's favors. Bitterness was in his voice as he said:

"You very rarely use that little extra effort, Diana—if all that I have heard—"

Diana's smile which seemed to say, "You, too, Neville, believe the terrible things you hear of me," stopped him.

They remained silent for a moment, then Neville spoke in a hot surge of jealousy:

"Did you love those others, Diana?"

She looked away. There was a single tear glittering in her eye.

"No," she said slowly, "I always felt unfaithful to you."

All Neville's old love for Diana welled up again in his heart. Their bodies fused together in a long and passionate embrace. Unseen by either of them, Diana's ring fell to the floor.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

WILD ORCHIDS

(*Continued from page* 24)

In an hour Sterling was ready to leave. He searched everywhere for Lillie to say goodby but could find her nowhere. As he stepped into the car, a broad and surprised smile came over his face.

His wife, in traveling costume, was seated, waiting for him.

"John, I love you—I could not live without you. Do not make me stay here."

As the car started, Sterling pressed a long, tender kiss on his wife's quivering lips.

(*The end*)

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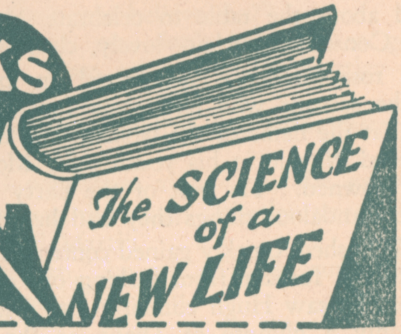

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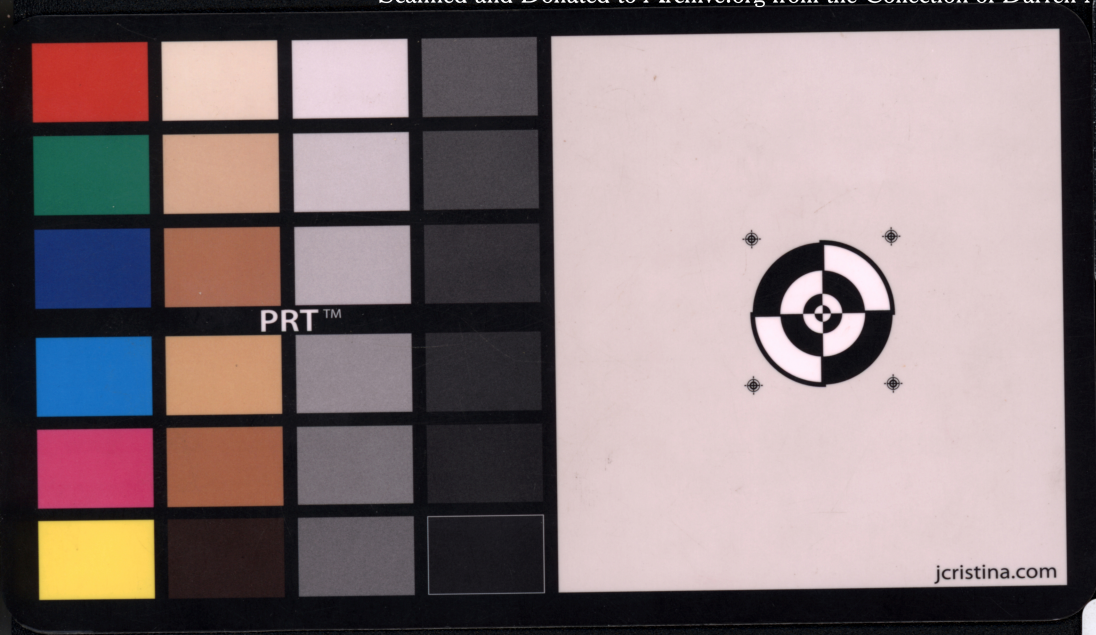
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